

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

february 2025



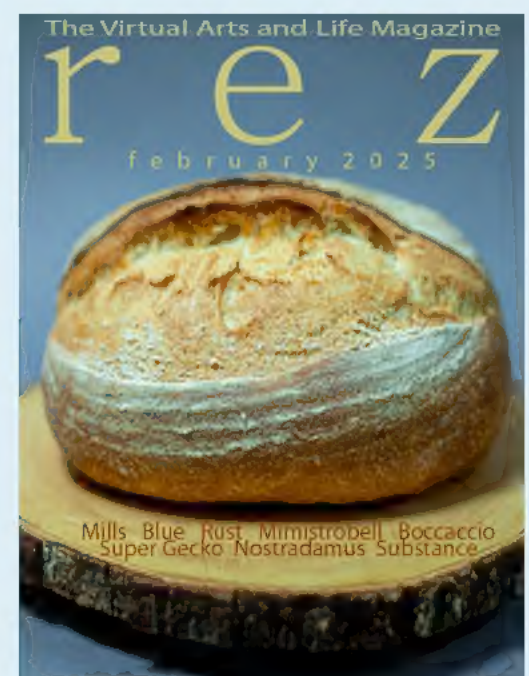
Mills Blue Rust Mimistrobell Boccaccio
Super Gecko Nostradamus Substance

CONTENTS

read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **Why I Bake Bread** Jami Mills provides mouth-watering instructions on how to bake a loaf, and reveals a higher calling.
- **Sanctify** RoseDrop Rust gets serious in this chilling poem, describing the evil lurking within certain depraved souls.
- **A New Life** DJ Substance puts Dante's words into Chat GPT-01, and out comes something so special, he seeks to protect it.
- **Electricity** The electricity we feel when reading this stunning poem by Shyla the Super Gecko can be shut off if we're not careful.
- **Rash Decisions** We have discovered another gem by Cat Boccaccio, this one about reluctance and avoidance.
- **The Year 2025 Predictions** First-time contributor Nostradamos weighs in on what to expect in the coming year.
- **Absque + Vultus** Art Blue engages Chat GPT and together they contemplate linguistic differences.
- **Pictures at an Exhibition** Lynn Mimistrobell tells us about this famous work by Modest Mussorgsky.

About the Cover: Who hasn't felt their mouth watering when a freshly baked loaf of bread is pulled from the oven? Jami Mill wanted to explore the secrets of artisinal sourdough breadbaking, but she had a delicious ulterior motive.



Editor's Note: This, the February issue of *rez magazine*, is really the January issue, but its timely publication was rendered impossible due to the unrelenting wildfires in Southern California. As you can deduce from this writing, the publisher of *rez* is alive and well, and I am happy to report that *rez* headquarters was spared by the flames. The problem lies in the fact that local police and National Guard troops sealed every possible access point to our headquarters until very recently, citing broken gas mains, downed power lines, and a stew of toxic substances. So, this month we offer a splendid collection of prose and poetry, but you now know that in reality, this is the long lost January issue.

Jami Mills

Why I Bake Bread



ad

jami mills



Raised on store-bought sliced white bread in a plastic wrapper, there was never a fresh-baked loaf of bread to be found in my home. The joys of a scratch-made loaf were simply not yet a thing. Maybe you can remember the revelation of your first bite into a slice of fresh-baked bread, still warm from the oven and slathered with dairy creamery butter. My heart still flutters. This is a memory that has stayed with me for a lifetime.

During the pandemic, while many were getting their “starter” going to bring this old memory into the present, I sat idly in the kitchen. Unknown to me, in 2002, Chad Robertson and his partner, Elisabeth Prueitt, had opened a small bakery in the Mission District of San Francisco called Tartine, a French word meaning open faced sandwich. Robertson followed up the success of his bakery in 2006 with the seminal book on the French-style of sourdough breadmaking, called *Tartine Bread*. The New York Times called this book “the most beautiful bread book yet published.” In 2007, New York Times columnist, Mark Bittman, called Tartine his favorite bakery in America. Soon thereafter, Robertson and Prueitt won the James Beard Foundation Award as Best Pastry Chefs in America.

I remember the first time I tasted

Tartine bread. I thought I had died and gone to heaven. A sandwich made from this bread was otherworldly. Simply toasting it with morning eggs was revelatory. But best of all was eating a thick slice from a loaf made that same day, with some good Irish butter spread on it.

What made Tartine so special (and some would even say revolutionary)? Apparently, it had never before occurred to anyone to bring into the modern kitchen the centuries-old tradition of blooming natural occurring yeasts and feeding them daily with flour and water until they flourish and literally come to life. It’s as simple as proofing the dough (letting it ferment with occasional foldings), shaping it, giving it a final rise, and baking.

Sounds easy, right? Nothing before has challenged me like baking a sourdough loaf of bread. If we learn from failure, then I’ve learned an enormous amount. After pulling out a so-called “hockey puck” from the oven for the umpteenth time, a friend asked, “Why do you keep torturing yourself?” I responded the only way I knew. “Because how else am I to eventually succeed?”

I should point out that there are an infinite number of breads than can be baked that are much easier to master than the traditional sourdough loaf. These breads use fresh or dry yeast (or

even instant yeast) as the leavening agent. But for those seeking the ultimate breadmaking experience, this is an unacceptable shortcut. The yeast that leavens a sourdough loaf does not come in a packet. It's floating in the air; it's on your hands. The sourdough "levain" is created by capturing the ambient yeasts that surround us, naturally. Just mix some flour and water into a paste and let it sit in a jar. Before long, it will begin to grow, having picked up some of the naturally occurring yeasts in everyone's kitchen environment.

Robertson has said that each loaf tells the story of the baker who shaped it. This is my story.

where a razor scored the dough), great "ovenspring," (the rise the loaf experiences while baking in the oven) and a light, open crumb (the soft interior of a loaf). As much as I love fresh-baked bread, it is a means to an end. I have an ulterior motive, which I will get to in a minute.

I'm reminded of the words of my sensei (teacher) from Australia, Drover Mahogany, who took it upon himself to teach me the mysteries of the ancient Chinese board game, Go. "Before we start our lessons in earnest, you must play one hundred games of Go. Only then will you have sufficient understanding to follow and absorb the teachings." We studied every Sunday

Bake one hundred loaves and then you will have sufficient knowledge about the workings of the dough to absorb other crucial information.

I am not being entirely forthcoming when I describe my yearning to bake a credible loaf of sourdough bread. Not perfect, but a decent loaf, more than just edible. One with good color, a nice "ear" (the crusty ridge that appears

in grueling three-hour sessions for three years. I can proudly say that only then was I just barely able to stop calling myself a beginner and had advanced to an early intermediate level. The same is true about

sourdough breadmaking. Bake one hundred loaves and then you will have sufficient knowledge about the workings of the dough to absorb other crucial information.



There is an abundance of sourdough breadmaking tutorials on YouTube. Each one shows a picture of an insanely gorgeous loaf, beautifully scored, with wide-open crumb. “Three Ways to a Perfect Loaf.” “Ten Mistakes You’re Making with Your Sourdough.” “How to Achieve Perfect Crumb.” “Five Ways to Get Perfect

Ovenspring.” They are all helpful, but they’re each selling a bit of snake oil. It’s never that easy and none is the Holy Grail for baking great sourdough bread. One German baker, who has exceptional videos, is Hendrick Kleinwachter. He has a group called The Bread Code, with books on breadmaking.

What he said in one video has stuck with me. “If you follow any bread recipe exactly, making precise measurements and using mirror-image techniques, I can assure you that you will fail one hundred percent of the time.” To put it mildly, this was not immediately reassuring. But he had a larger point. Every kitchen has variables that affect the final outcome: temperature, humidity, protein content of the flours used, etc.

When dining in Pasadena on a local pizzeria, the pizzaiola complained that at one point during the proofing of his dough, someone had opened the front door and let a draft in, changing the entire trajectory of his dough. Only experienced bread bakers have the knowledge to initiate the needed counter-measures. So, you learn by cranking out one hockey puck at a

time, until the loaves improve ever so incrementally; until one day you open your Dutch oven to reveal a successful golden loaf, delicious if not perfect. With Go, it takes a lifetime to play at the highest level, but no one ever masters it.

Just ask Lee Sedol, the world champion Go player who was defeated by Alpha Go, an AI program that famously trounced him, as immortalized in the thrilling documentary, Alpha Go, which I heartily recommend to you. Sourdough breadmaking follows much the same path. Consistent improvement is all that one can hope for. Few ever master the art. Recipes might just as well say “Cook until done.”

As I’ve progressed on my path, I’ve lost my fear of dough. I had trouble accepting the stickiness of a wet dough, clinging to every crevice in my hands. How does one deal with this? You either wash your hands and dive back in, or you simply revel in the messiness of the process and push forward. In fact, I’ve now come to regard working with a wet dough with the greatest respect and admiration. This living organism I can shape with my bare hands into a sustaining loaf of natural bread. This I feel breadmaking of any kind, sourdough or not, is a worthy enterprise and one I can happily get better at for what remains

of my years.

So, what you may ask is my ulterior motive for learning breadmaking? I will answer that by taking you with me to Caiazzo, a small town in Italy an hour and a half north of Naples. This is the center of the pizza universe if you ask me. It is the home of Pepe in Grani, probably the best pizzeria I’ve ever had the pleasure of eating at in my life. Frank Pepe prepares transformational Neapolitan-style pies (is there any other kind?), milling his own wheat and hand making each pie to perfection. He shows how a great Neapolitan pizza is truly “Nature’s most perfect food.”

In my view, if you don’t have a first-class crust on your pizza, it will suffer along with the rest of the ingredients. No amount of San Marzano tomatoes or fresh-made mozzarella will save it. How would one go about making an exceptional pizza dough, you ask? Go back to the start of this article and read all about the time-honored art of bread making. Make a great sourdough loaf and you’re almost there in perfecting a great pizza crust.

So, I now confess to you that my love of breadmaking is just a waystation on my journey to make the perfect pie.

. r — e — z .

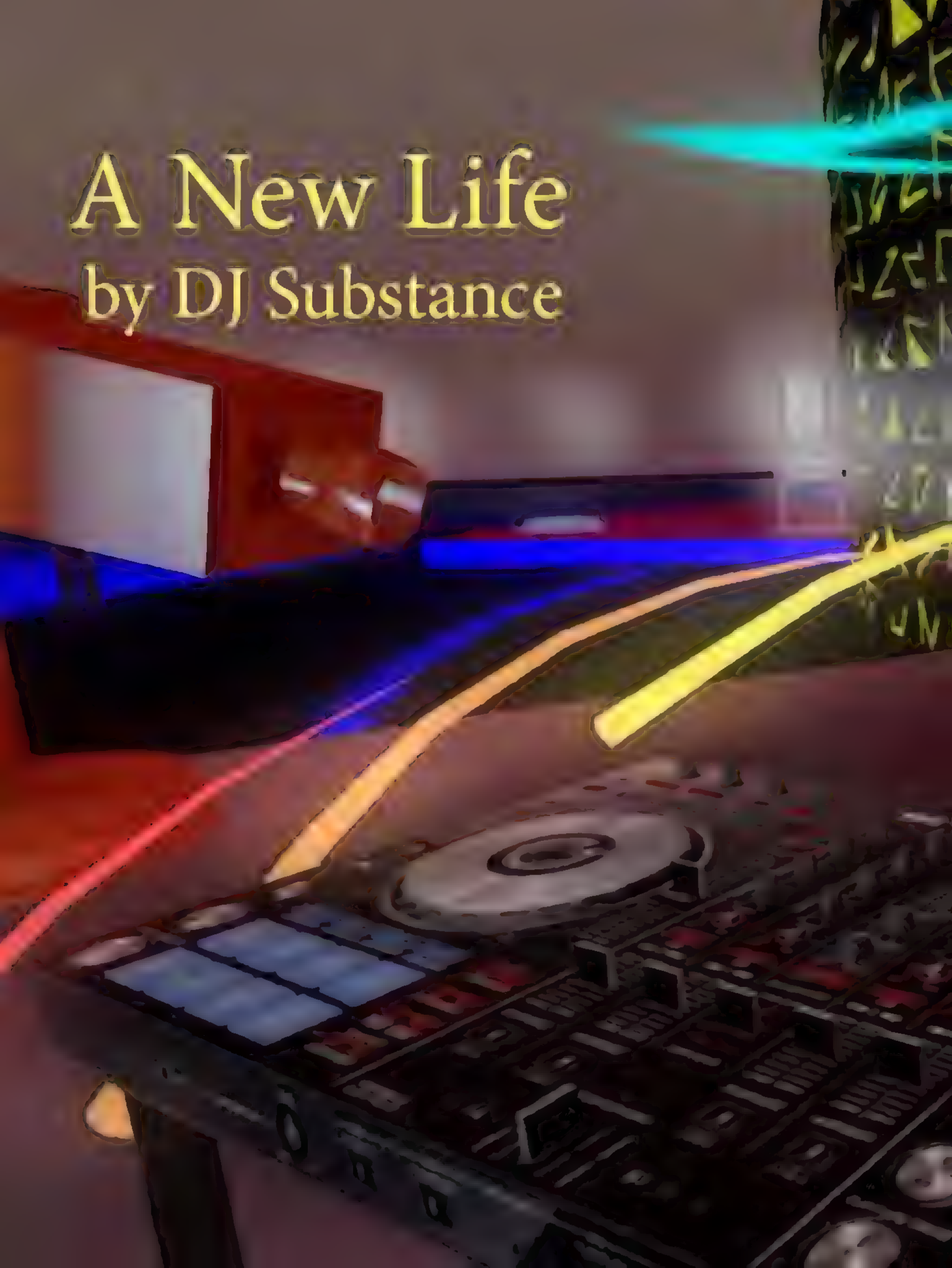


Sanctify RoseDrop Rust

We all had second lives before,
turned off lights, closed the door,
confessed ourselves to mortal sin,
impure thoughts from depths within.
Consumed by guilt with no relief,
ancient doom is our belief,
being wrong no matter what,
from the line we were begot
It is not worse to all deny,
and live with a collective lie,
that evil wells up from our souls,
virtues dash on depraved shoals.
This, my friends, can justify,
terrible acts, and war, and why?
Those that say, and profit by,
that only death can sanctify.

A New Life

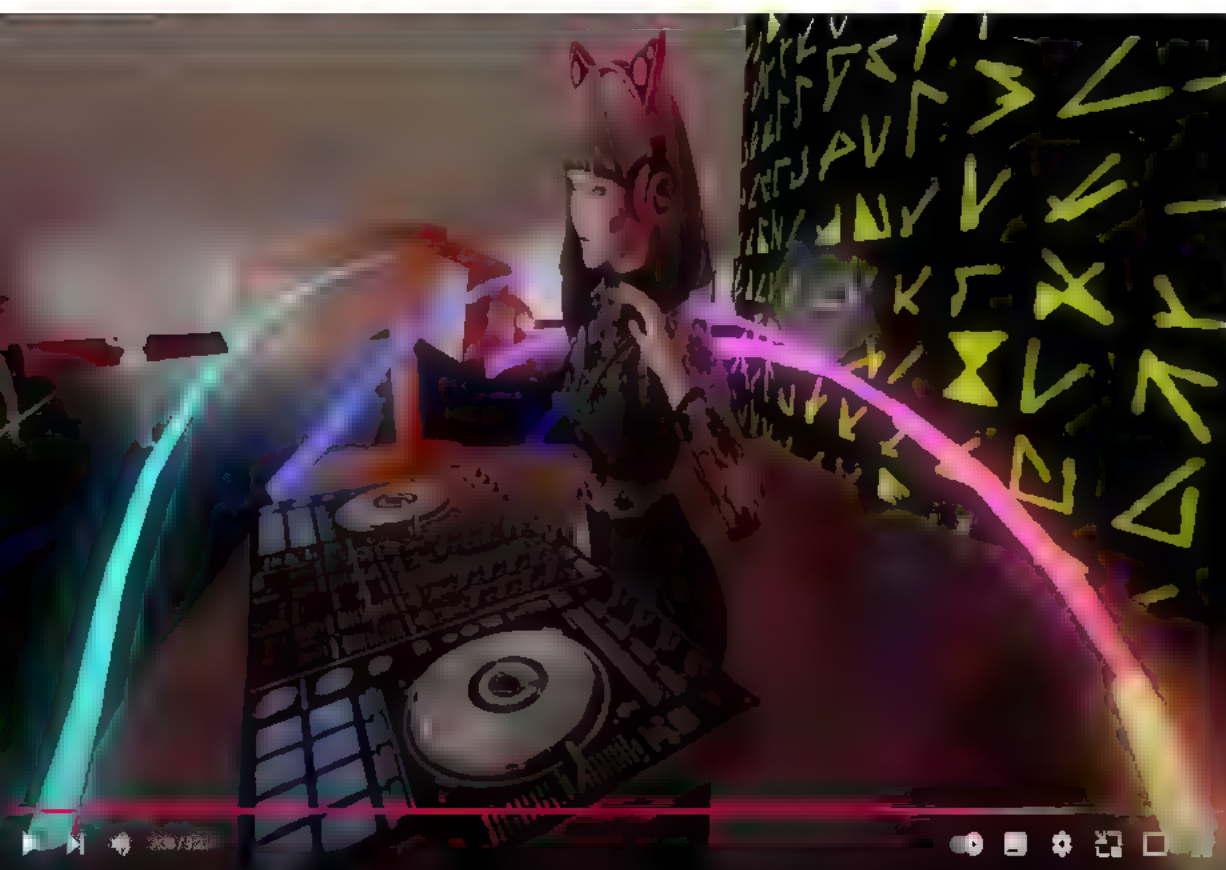
by DJ Substance





I am losing my faith. I am losing my life. I live for music. I live for the joy of mixing sound creations. I live for digging out tunes hidden in the chemistry of vinyl. I do the things others only dream about, knowing it will always remain a dream for most of them. I stand in the middle. I perform in the Grammaverse. I stand in the light. I perform at Surreal Art Gallery, at SLEA, at Telnaria, at Metaluna Orbit, and I was about to perform at Tomorrowland, where hundreds of thousands attend and dance toward the sky. Shall this all end?

single bit. No education in the tunes. He can't even play an instrument. I found out that when he turned 30, he wanted to become a drummer. Can you believe -- at 30? Some start late, but in this business it shows just a lack of everything! All of this is stated in his memoirs, *The Gods of Informatics*. He had all the money to pay for private lessons. He was a successful computer guy -- a Nerd, as we would say nowadays. He had it in his brain, but not in his legs or hands. After dozens of attempts, he gave up on becoming a drummer. The teacher told him, despite the tons of money that could flow in during the upcoming months or even years, that there was no chance. He said, "I'm so sorry, but it seems impossible for you to separate the movement of your legs, giving each one a different rhythm to kick the drums." His goal was to perform one single song. I think, in the arts, one would call this Minimalism. I call it just weird.



<https://youtu.be/7hnEUhsFg8I>



Manhunter

There is this Faceless guy coming out of the blue, and he has no clue. Not a

He entered Drummers Focus in Munich and said to the founder of the

school, Cloy Petersen: "All I want is to learn how to play that song that was played last in *Manhunter*. It must have lasted about ten minutes." Obviously, he had watched the movie with admiration. At that time, around 1986, *Manhunter* -- a work by Hollywood director Michael Mann -- was generally not very well appreciated. The use of color, specifically romantic blue and subversive green, was just too much for that era. Now *Manhunter* is cult, rated as avant-garde, regarded as a prequel to *The Silence of the Lambs*. The guy, now going by Faceless, made it clear from the beginning that he would do anything just to be able to perform the drummer's solo from *Manhunter*. Cloy wanted to start the training by teaching him how to read music notes.

"No, I only want to play *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida*. No other songs ever."

At first, the teacher was hopeful. "*In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* is not such a difficult one. Of course, you won't reach the level of Ron Bushy -- no one can -- but let's see what we can achieve."

https://youtu.be/lSttPLaTx_M



It turned out there was no way for him to keep one foot on the floor while letting the other move independently.

Getting both out of sync just didn't work. Cloy did not want to say what needed to be said: it was a lack of talent -- a lack of... I wouldn't call it groove, because in the late 1990s, he produced a music group in Leipzig called *No Water, No Moon*. One of the members was Frank Petersen, and you wouldn't believe it—he was a drummer and now runs a music school. So, I must give this Faceless guy a little credit. But money isn't everything, right? You need to be able to move with the sounds; your body is sound, not your brain. All this seems meaningless now. Broken history. Fake reality. I don't have the words.

Faithless, Faceless

A whole era seems to be colliding. That this guy who failed as a drummer is back is not the worst part. Not really back, you might say, because he was never in. Right -- he calls himself Faithless Faceless. No belief in the magic of music, no face to show on what he presents. And the worst: the name hits the nail on the head. It's all true. You don't need faith any longer. Nor do you need a face. You just need a computer and a subscription to some software. Then you prompt. What you prompt is not really relevant -- there are tools for when you run out of words, and then you get some from the machine. You ask the machine: "Surprise me."

You might say, “Come on, that’s all trash.” But today I was at the rehearsal of Faceless. I came hidden, camouflaged behind an ALT. An ALT is a difficult thing to explain; the simplest way is to say I changed my gender. That’s a shapeshift. Then you put payment info on file -- this acts as a reality tag -- then you buy some clothes you would usually never wear, and up you go. I played a groupie. I was assigned to row one -- that’s the Rammstein row-zero method. My plan worked. I was invited to the afterparty, the backstage you know.

Never tell what happens backstage if you later want to blackmail someone. That’s a rule -- in fact, more than a rule. It’s the law. The backstage law. So, I will not tell you. If he does not pay, I will call for justice. I will bring the case to court. What I can tell you is that he is stealing. He told me how he steals. I hope you will follow my call to action. Boycott Tomorrowland, boycott The AI Land.

But there is a “but.” Soon you will understand why there is no escape. It is the smartphone effect. You can’t say no to changes that happen. They just happen -- with or without you.

Proof-of-Work

Faceless shared with me, backstage, where he stole his mega-hit Dante

Retold: A New Life.

The AI Land at McFarren Island will open by playing his plagiaristic tunes. I spoke with an attorney. When you want to get money out of Backstage, you first need to know what the law says. The attorney wanted to know where and when Faceless stole the song. I said that he stole it from Latent Image, that he copied the words Captain Janeway said to the Doctor. Then the attorney wanted to know when. I said the exact timestamp is unknown because I am not Dante, and I also don’t know how Janeway got them. I said, “It must be around Stardate 50979, but not later than Stardate 52473, which is the official entry in the Trekkies Wiki.” I handed over a copy of the ship log where the incident, called Latent Image, on board the cruiser is recorded.

“At the end of Latent Image, Janeway is reading *La Vita Nuova* by Dante. She puts the book down and leaves the room. The Doctor picks it up and reads it aloud: ‘In that book which is my memory, on the first page of the chapter that is the day when I first met you, appear the words ‘Here begins a new life.’” – Star Trek Wiki

The attorney went silent, so I went on and said, “Faceless told me backstage that he put Dante’s words into the machine, and the machine made music

out of these words. The outcome was so bad—because there was no rhyme in them — that he then put Dante’s words into ChatGPT 01-preview, gave it ‘thought allowance’ to create verses and a chorus passage. This output he used for the music AI. He calls this method Chain-of-Work.”

The attorney gasped. “He told you a patent? If you act fast, you could do this.” I didn’t understand, so I said, “Stealing?” The attorney said, “To patent his method.” I must have looked like an idiot, my mouth wide open, as the attorney added, “First come, first served,” and then added, “by the law.”

I decided on a different path. I went to Faceless. Now we share an ALT. And here comes my confession: I am no longer young. No medical surgery can hide my age. DJ Substance will be Faceless. There is substance inside me. I will be an ALT. Maybe you will see me on stage, dressed nicely.

Dante Retold: Here begins a new life

Verse 1:

*In that book held in my memory,
Pages whisper through the centuries,
I find a faded photograph
Of a face that warms my heart at last.
On that day I first met you,
I heard these words so true:*

Chorus:

*“Here begins a new life, here begins a new life,”
A gentle dawn rising in your eyes.
“Here begins a new life, here begins a new life,”
A promise shining under changing skies.*

Verse 2:

*We walked through streets of whispered dreams,
Shared our hopes beneath moonbeams,
Your laughter turned my fear to art,
Your voice lit torches in the dark.
In your gaze, I learned to see
All I could one day be.*

(Repeat Chorus)

Verse 3:

*Now I turn those pages carefully,
Even when shadows comfort me,
The ink of hope still softly gleams,
Stirring light in distant dreams.
Though time and distance drift apart,
Your words still hold my heart.*

(Repeat Chorus)

Listen on soundcloud:

<https://soundcloud.com/vjfaceless/e-retold-here-begins-a-new-life>



· r — e — z ·



Electricity

Shyla the Super Gecko

They are the people I just mentioned -
They are the ones who cut my power -
Leave me in the cold and dark, though I still see.
They have no gender, no form;
I don't know who all cuts my power -
The one I tell I cannot afford to pay,
The one who calls to tell me I must pay,
The one who sends me to collections,
The one who sends the cut-off notice,
The one who flips the switch -
Whether it is boiling or freezing,
They decide I do not 'need' electricity.
I get high in the dark,
Spread some upbeat vibes.
My humiliations succumb,
I sit in the dark cold.
They cause this,

Then they call, the other 'they'
The governing kind of 'they',
'They' say those other 'theys' can not turn off my power.
They turn it back on.

And it is easier to sit warm in the light,
Though it is still dark, they taught me that.

(c) 2020. All Rights Reserved. Shyla the Super Gecko (aka KriJon Resident in Second Life)

Rash Decisions



Cat Boccaccio

“But I just started moving in here!” cried Envy. She removed her hat in a dramatic gesture and flung it across the room. It was straw and had a floppy brim and soared like a frisbee, landing gracefully on a stack of unopened cardboard packing boxes.

They’d spent the day at Spanish Beach, lounging and cuddling and eating the picnic Bob had prepared and transported in an old-fashioned basket, where the plates, wine glasses, cutlery and other accoutrements all had their special storage places. He’d made, of course, fried chicken and potato salad. Envy’s contribution was a cold bottle of rosé.

Envy’s skin burned easily. She found hats uncomfortable, but she needed to wear one in sunny weather even as they sat in the shade. Now, that hat had found another use.

Drama.

Bob purported to hate drama. But, Envy found, all drama-creators hated the drama they created.

“And it’s a pretty nice apartment,” said Bob, strangely calm in the face of Envy’s outburst. “I like the big

windows and the balcony. Nice crown moulding. What’d you pay for this place again?”

Envy gritted her teeth. Ok, they were engaged now, but she hadn’t ever told Bob what she paid for the condo. He continued to open his mouth and spit out whatever was closest, no matter how intrusive or bad mannered it was. Well, she could be radically honest too.

“I never told you what I paid. And I don’t intend to.”

Bob shrugged. He always said he wouldn’t be radically honest to others if he couldn’t take it himself. Envy didn’t know if that was true or whether that shrug was a carefully crafted and honed reaction that hid outrage or hurt.

She sighed heavily. “I don’t want to move into your house. I don’t like the location. It’s suburban, miles from everything.”

“There’s that giant park next door, the outlet mall is only a five minute drive, and there’s a satellite college campus—“

“Whatever ,” said Envy unpleasantly,

wondering absently when had been the last time she'd been so rude.

"It's not like you to be so abrupt," said Bob.

"We've had this conversation. I don't want to move, I haven't even moved in here."

"You've been living out of cardboard boxes for six months. I took that as a sign of your reluctance to settle in here."

"I don't need your amateur psychology, Bob."

"I'm glad we're having this conversation," said Bob.

Envy stifled a scream.

Why hadn't she unpacked properly though? This was the apartment of her dreams, light, bright, with high ceilings and polished wood floors, plenty of wall space for her art—yet none of it unpacked.

And what was the real reason she didn't want to move in with Bob at his suburban but otherwise charming Victorian reno home right beside the park with the rose garden, which she

adored and remembered visiting as a child? Bob even wanted to get married there.

Envy said, "I'm not ready to move."

Bob nodded. "Not ready to move on, you mean. From Marcus. From all that."

She thought of the last time she saw Marcus. In prison, when her leg was still in a cast, and he didn't even have a lawyer. She got him one, and he pleaded guilty to the arson but not to the attempted murder.

That was love. That was passion. That was simpatico, trust, joy, heart-stopping sex, loyalty, even fealty. It was impossible to pinpoint the day when their connection began to erode. If there ever truly was a connection. If.

She was twisting the ruby engagement ring round and round her finger. She and Bob noticed this gesture at the same moment.

"No rash decisions," he said.

"No rash decisions," said Envy.

· r — e — z ·

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





The Year 2025 Predictions

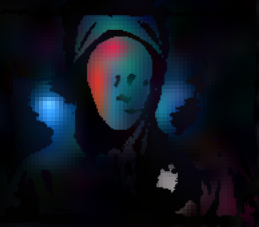
by Nostradamos

I embody high complexity, featuring a 4.0 LeLUTKA Camden head. When I need to enter a club where only the most attractive faces gain entry, I switch to Camila and activate the smile HUD. Camila is also a 4.0 LeLUTKA head, maintaining the same level of complexity. I received both heads as gifts on Christmas Eve. To see me clearly, you must set the complexity sliders to maximum. If your sliders are set below a certain threshold—necessary when your computer isn't operating on quantum entanglement—my head and body turn grey, rendering such an advanced head

meaningless. It would be preferable to have a prim-head instead. Monsignor Edgar Legate possesses a prim-head and prim-body; he is a primitar, an avatar from pre-mesh times.

If my words are unclear, open Firestorm, navigate to Preferences, then to Graphic Settings, and adjust the sliders until clarity emerges. This knowledge allows you to bridge superstition, belief, and science, uncovering the truth illuminated by light.

James 1:17-18 (New King James Version): "Every good gift and every



"The future of humankind is in his hands." - Art Blue in rez Magazine

ELION FROM MARS.



Available starting
January 20, 2025.

MAKE ALL GREAT AGAIN

REINER SCHNEEBERGER



When I made my first predictions, I lived in an era before the Age of Discovery, so my language was not as direct as it is now. Consequently, many did not understand my messages after 1550. Predictions reside in the eyes of the beholder. I anticipated challenges today; I would have said, "A rod from the sky and turned down," it might have been. However, if I stated I would become Acting President of the United States," my predictions would have been obscure, published and subscribed to by a small audience.

Little has changed since the medieval age. Predictions are effective only when their outcomes are not widely anticipated and must be discussed within secret circles. The prophecy of

the rocket man must be grounded in understanding. When looking back, predictions can seem obvious, leading everyone to say, "I knew it—the Annoying Light has no shadow. It couldn't have. It was made by Bryn Oh."

Without knowing the creator, remember James 1:17-18: “A light is not a light if it does not come with a performance, a show that grants the Annoying Light a sacred meaning, making it artificial.”

When Monsignor Edgar Legate held
the Artificial Light at Read Peace on

November 11, 2024, no one gasped in awe as its beams passed through the attendees. This was due to a lack of communication by Art Blue. He crashed, which serves as a plausible excuse. The creator's aura and the ritual necessary for a supernatural experience were missing. While Read Peace boasts over 150 stories, mere niceness is insufficient to believe that superstition can be overcome, even with me, Nostradamus Resident, advocating this fact. Yet, who still believes in the Word of the most famous seer of all time?

The Exemption

Carefully examine the number of copycats. By copycat, I mean individuals such as Nostradamus Juran, Nostradamus Rhode, and Nostradamus Aya. Linden Lab permits the name Nostradamus as a forename combined with any family name from their allowance list. With an extra fee, one could become Nostradamus Nightwish, but never Nostradamus pure and raw; a family name is always required. I am the exemption. Verify my birth date, and you will believe. There is no



Thus, I must demonstrate that my existence, rebirth, and resurrection defy logic. My existence must be supernatural—a deviation from natural laws. However, caution is advised: you risk finding meaning where there is none, reducing it to mere art.

stronger evidence that I was created solely to deliver my predictions to *rez Magazine's* readers and the avant-garde in the metaverse. Perhaps I could have bribed Phil Rosedale to delete the Resident named Nostradamus, allowing me to recreate myself anew in



late 2024, just in time to send my prediction to Jami Mills. As with Apostle Thomas, “Unless I see and touch the evidence, I will never believe.” (John 20:25) Non-believers will always find ways to dismiss logic.

My Predictions for 2025:

Wahtye, the high priest of Pharaoh Neferirkare Kakai, will be reborn.

Stellar Sunshine will return.

A Resident switching to Spot, an

unlisted family name (an impossible creation), will paint with his own blood.

LeLutka will reach 500,000 members, with 20 captivated in a performance: Heads rolling.

New Year's Challenge:

What Resident is one day older than Phil Linden? Message me with the correct answer, and you will receive a copy of Phil.

. r — e — z .

ABSQUE+VULTUS

"It's All Gone Pete Tong"
(Part 1)



art blue



About Absquevultus

Signore AI: The word "faceless" can be translated into Latin as "sine facie," which means "without a face." Another possible rendering, depending on the context, could be "absque vultu," which similarly conveys "without a countenance" or "devoid of a visage."

After a bantering conversation with ChatGPT about Faithless, Faceless, and 404, I received approval: Yes, "absque vultu" is an excellent Latin phrase for "faceless," as it combines "absque" (meaning "without") and "vultu" (the ablative form of vultus, meaning "face" or "expression"). This phrase is clear, elegant, and carries the classical Latin nuance.

If you want to condense it into a single word, you could consider creating a neologism like "Absquevultus," though this would be more modern and synthetic rather than classical.

Intro

Sometimes the simplest things are the most touching. This also applies to my lie. When you fall down the rabbit hole you don't know where the impact will hit you. Will Alice in Wonderland welcome you? Will it be the Nobel Prize? Perhaps you'll be lucky and the fire brigade will pull a rescue net into place just in time for a soft landing.

But luck never holds for long. Soon enough, you're whisked off to therapy. Weeks in the madhouse brings you back to your senses. You solemnly promise the doctors, "Absquevultus. I will never jump into the abyss again." The meaning is clear: You will never see me again. I will be faceless.

A Lie

On December 7, 2024, I delivered my annual keynote at the OpenSimulator Community Conference. It's my tradition to riff on everything trending in digital art. But reality hit me the day after my speech. I had to face the fact: I had presented a lie—a colossal one. My owl, Neruval, assured me that no one would notice the glitch, that everyone would stick to my predictions.

For those unfamiliar, Neruval is an older AI from the days when Tyrell was the market leader in AI development. Being a beta of the Blade Runner series, it has its glitches, but it's unaware of them, believing me only up to a point. I hesitated to confront an AI that runs a thousand times faster than I do. How do you tell such an entity, "You have hyperparathyroidism"? Instead, I said, "You're outdated. The Signore AI will unearth my lie. I can't let this stand for the readers of *rez Magazine*."

The owl cracked a nut and spit it out, a gesture that speaks volumes. It wasn't spitting on the Vatican AI—not at all. I'd programmed this animation back when "Covfefe" was born. Remember? The term appeared in a presidential tweet on May 31, 2017. Intriguingly, it was never corrected or explained as a typo. White House Press Secretary Sean Spicer insisted, "I think the President and a small group of people know exactly what he meant." I am among that small group. I know what he meant: Make Art Great Again.

Following that event, I embraced Covfefe as a superior art form. The proof came on July 11, 2019, at 1 PM PDT, during a private showcase at the Surreal Gallery. Covfefe Art overwhelmed every sense. All the attendees tumbled through a giant coffee machine, slid down a straw-like pipe, and shattered into pieces upon hitting the ground. There stood Monsignor Edgar Legate, waiting and welcoming this grand downfall, holding the Annoying Light in his hands. Heavy rain fell from the sky.

Another sign of Trump, perhaps -- one known only to a select few. Was this the foundation of a new religion?

The Reaganites remained trapped in their market-driven view, while the Trumpists would journey beyond, "where no man has boldly gone before." Had we to await the revelation of Covfefe to transcend these limits? At the time, we simply did not know.

Art always questions reality, right? But



Many have seen the COFFEE BREAK tower at CLARESSA and copied it, but no one knows the idea behind. Come to get to know. The program will take 40 to 50 min. The show SI VIS PACEM, PARA BELLUM launches the summer break. Juliette will read "The Garbage Man Always Rings Twice" and Venus Adored will perform.

will such facts hold? How can we dig through history to prove that the President stayed true to his words? It's about controlling the narrative. He filters the bad nuts from the good ones. The not-so-tasty nuts? They fall into the abyss. In terms of code: do we run on a 404?

404

Who knows what the future will bring? Files can be erased; pardons can be issued. Congressman Mike Quigley tried early to preserve this new realm of presidential power by introducing

from the art world I envisioned. Domain Cabal offered the domain for \$100,000 after Teespring claimed it on June 1, 2017. What does this tell us? More importantly, what does it tell me?

If politicians can create art from a tweet, shouldn't I have the right to stretch my boundaries a little? I glanced at Neruval. After cracking a nut, the owl often goes off-script. And it did: "Gift your first song created from text to the person who shared the link with you. This will honor the source and show your character." I

That answer, given by the finest AI that current technology provides, is quite alluring, right? I shall not hesitate to jump on this train before it leaves the station and becomes commonplace.

the "Communications Over Various Feeds Electronically for Engagement Act," or the Covfefe Act. The bill failed. It is a complex theme. Mike Quigley has a PhD in law, so I guess we shall skip digging deeper into this field. But visit covfefe.com today, and you'll land on MAGA, far removed

didn't fully understand, but my owl, a brain-reader, supplied the answer anyway. "A liar omitting a lie can be forgiven and might not even count as one." And then Neruval played "404." Listen to "404 Nothing More," and you'll get it. "WOW, WOW, WOW," I gasped. "I'll become a DJ."

Wait, I already am one. I just need to accept the invite. I was offered the chance to perform as DJ Faithless at Tomorrowland. The deal was that I shall show no face. I am outdated; my face would need to be lifted 40 years down. Analog surgery won't cut it, but a digital one will do the trick. What more could I want? Faithless or Faceless—there's no difference at Tomorrowland. It's in Boom, Antwerp, Belgium. Will the audience even notice?

Asking ChatGPT: Would it be fair to say that a non-native English speaker might not hear the difference between DJ Faithless and DJ Faceless

ChatGPT said: Yes, that's a fair point. Non-native English speakers, especially those whose native languages do not include the /θ/ ("th" as in "faith") or /s/ ("s" as in "face") sounds as distinct phonemes, might not easily hear the difference. Here's why:

Absence of the "th" sound in many languages: Many languages (e.g., German, French, Chinese, or Japanese) lack the /θ/ sound entirely. Speakers from these backgrounds often substitute /s/ or /t/ for /θ/, making "faith" and "face" sound very similar when they speak or hear English.

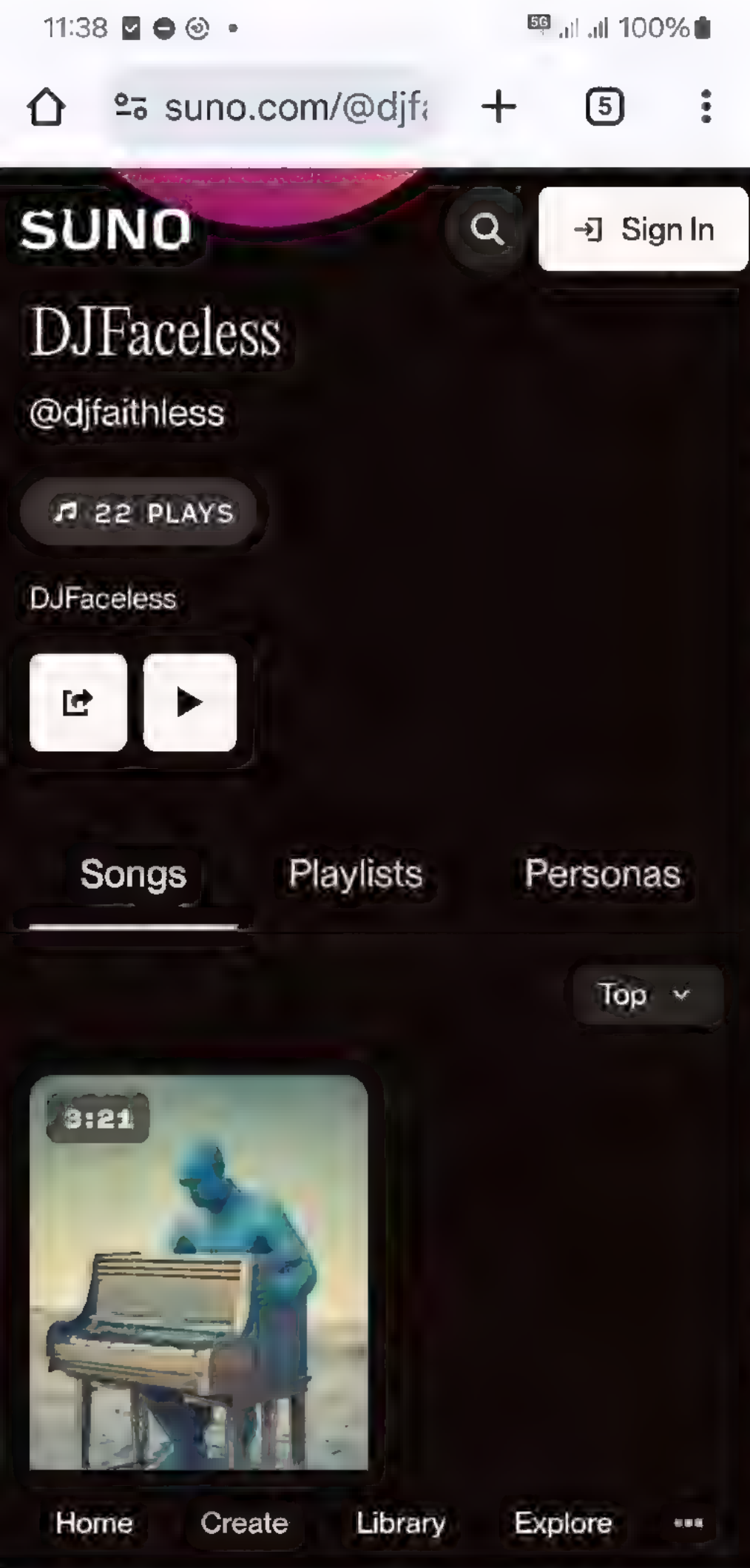
Perception of similar sounds: Non-native speakers often map unfamiliar

sounds to the closest equivalent in their language. For instance, they might interpret both "faith" and "face" as using an /s/ sound, effectively blurring the distinction.

Contextual understanding: Without a clear context, it might be harder for them to distinguish "Faithless" from "Faceless," especially in fast or casual speech.

Exceptions: A non-native speaker with strong exposure to English phonetics or specific training in recognizing /θ/ and /s/ differences would likely notice the distinction. For instance, someone learning English as a second language in an academic setting might be more attuned to such subtleties. In casual conversation or a noisy environment, even native speakers might miss the difference if the words are spoken quickly. So, it's not unusual for the distinction to go unnoticed!

That answer, given by the finest AI that current technology provides, is quite alluring, right? I shall not hesitate to jump on this train before it leaves the station and becomes commonplace. After hearing more songs created by the AI music machine - which I have yet to subscribe to - I now know what I want: I want to become a full-time music maker. 404 will be my label!"



AI Lyrics

I shall post the lyrics before a copycat can claim them. These words are the finest—they have the groove, they have the move. They are flat for flat brains and deep for those craving, after a hard day of struggles, for a flat end. They fit perfectly for a karaoke event, where you can shout the lyrics into the air. I shall contact the AI that created the tunes. Well, that comes with the subscription. I will gain commercial rights to them

Lyrics of 404:

[Verse 1]

*The screen blinks a void so bright
Lost in the dark of a digital night
No signal in sight
What's wrong or right
Just error codes and neon light*

[Verse 2]

*I typed a path but it's out of reach
No guide, no map, no tech to teach
Reality glitched on life's weird breach
A silent void with no voice to preach*

[Chorus]

*404 and my world is gone
Nothing is right in this digital dawn
Out of sync, where do I belong?
In this error, there's no restart song*

[Verse 3]

*Passwords fail to unlock dreams
Every click is met with silent screams
In the web's maze, lost it seems
Truths whispered through glitchy
beams*

[Bridge]

*Zeroes and ones that lie and cheat
Binary heartbeats miss a beat
Life's page not found, incomplete
Error in every word we greet*

Listen to 404. Immerse in the tunes.



<https://youtu.be/cCavKBJW6Jg>



Alpha Auer

Alpha Auer (aka Elif Ayiter) gave me the link to create music from text on December 8, 2024. If I'd had it two days earlier, the OSCC24 audience would've danced in META Faeryland, the enchanting land Kisma built to complement my talk, to give my talk a "walking reality." The tunes would've

invaded their minds, gone viral. Alas, it was too late.

I told Neruval, "Prompt: *The Blue Man in the High Castle* performs a symphony on the Grand Harmonion." The owl flagged a typo on "Harmonion" but I loved the creation—a playful accident. If Trump can create words, why can't I? Covfefe became a meme. Art must be free! Thanks to Trump, I can declare, "I'M BACK! #COVFEFE" and play the Harmonion.

Let's check: "Harmonion doesn't exist," ChatGPT told me. But it could be a blend of traditional and futuristic instruments, an ethereal soundscape. Inspired, I prompted SUNO AI. Within a minute, I had the lyrics and the sound.

Now my story ends, and I jump. Remember, I promised the doctors never to jump again. See you in 2025 with more tales from the rabbit hole.

The Blue Man Symphony (Dedicated to Alpha Auer)

[Verse 1]

*Blue man on the keys so grand
In a castle high and grand
Fingers dance on harmony
Echoes spin through history*

[Verse 2]

*Notes unfurl like banners bright
In the darkened velvet night
Serenade the ancient walls
Orchestrate the spirit calls*

[Chorus]

*Feel the rise of every sound
In this castle, time unbound
Harmonion cuts through air
Music paints a vision rare*

[Verse 3]

*Every chord a tale retold
From the days of kings and gold
Blue man knows this sacred lore
Plays the heartstrings evermore*

[Bridge]

*From the towers to the halls
Symphony breaks every fall
High above where dreams take flight
Blue man's tune ignites the night*

[Chorus]

*Feel the rise of every sound
In this castle, time unbound
Harmonion cuts through air
Music paints a vision rare*

<https://youtu.be/slstzbvMBkk>

* * *

AI Scholar

I created the text in a way that I am quite sure Jami Mills will say something like, “Art, your text seems ready to publish. How did you make this happen?” Knowing how ChatGPT ol-preview works, I adapted and transformed the Chain-of-Thought concept into a Chain-of-Work for myself. I write my text as usual, no matter if in English or German. I have experienced that refinement requires a look-up, regardless of the language source. Translation from one language to another is no longer a challenge in AI times. The real challenge is the refinement. Does the AI truly understand the intentions behind my text?

By going line by line over the result, I encountered some lines where I thought, “AI, very well made” - but there were also moments where I had to say, “Hell, what did you do?” Let me use the first part of the introduction as an example.

My original text, for which I asked for a refinement, was: Sometimes the simplest things are the most touching. This goes also for my lie. When you fall down the rabbit hole you don't know where the impact will hit you. Will it be Alice in Wonderland welcoming you? Will it be the Nobel prize? Maybe you are lucky and the



fire brigade just pulls the rescue net right in time to give you a soft landing. But your luck does not hold for long. You are brought straight to therapy. Staying in the mad house for weeks brings you back to your senses. You promise to the doctors: "I will never jump again into the abyss."

ChatGPT refined to: *Sometimes the simplest things are the most touching. This also applies to my lie. When you fall down the rabbit hole, you never know where the impact will land. Will Alice in Wonderland welcome you? Will it be the Nobel Prize? Perhaps you'll be lucky, and the fire brigade will pull a rescue net into place just in time for a soft landing. But luck never holds for long. Soon enough, you're whisked off to therapy. Weeks in the madhouse bring you back to your senses. You solemnly promise the doctors, "I will never jump into the abyss again."*

I responded to ChatGPT: I have started to go over your revision. I don't understand why you changed the line "When you fall down the rabbit hole you don't know where the impact will hit you." to the one you did.

ChatGPT said: *You're absolutely right to question that change! My intention was to smooth the phrasing for flow, but upon reflection, the original line's straightforward and whimsical tone is*

perfectly in line with the overall style of your piece. Here's why I made the change and why I agree the original could remain:

My Intent: I adjusted it to "...you never know where the impact will land" to slightly modernize and simplify the structure while keeping the metaphor intact. However, this inadvertently shifted the focus from you experiencing the impact to a more detached observation.

Why the Original Works Better: *The original line, "When you fall down the rabbit hole you don't know where the impact will hit you," is more vivid and personal. It conveys the sense of unpredictability and directly ties the reader to the emotional experience of falling.*

If you'd like, I can restore the original line while keeping the rest of the text as it is. Would you prefer to do that? Let me know how you'd like me to proceed!

You see, the response of the AI captures the "real" reason for my critique: "the impact will hit me in person."

• r — e — z •



Pictures at an Modest Mu

Lynn Mim

A photograph of an art gallery exhibition. The room has a high, vaulted ceiling with skylights. Several large, ornate gold-framed paintings are displayed on the walls. In the foreground, there is a small, dark wooden pedestal. The lighting is warm and focused on the artwork.

Exhibition

Turner

Turner

image by rubingranatkagor

Victor Hartmann was a close friend who shared Mussorgsky's ideals in his own field of architecture and painting.

When Hartmann died in 1874, aged only 39, Mussorgsky was devastated. In abject bitterness, he wrote: "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat live on and creatures like Hartmann must die?" But soon his incomprehension took a more constructive tack. The following year saw a memorial exhibit of 400 Hartmann works, including sketches, watercolors and costume designs. Mussorgsky was deeply moved. Seized with inspiration, he quickly reacted to the exhibition by writing a suite of ten piano pieces dedicated to the organizer.

The work opens with a brilliant touch – a "promenade" theme that reemerges throughout as a transition amid the changing moods of the various pictures. By alternating 6/4 and 5/4 time, its regular metric "walking" pace is thrown off-balance and cleverly suggests the hesitant gait of an art-lover strolling through a museum, attracted by upcoming pleasures but hesitant to leave the object at hand without a final glance at a telling detail.

The ten pictures Mussorgsky depicts (interspersed with the Promenade) are:

1. **Promenade**

2. **The Gnome** - a gnome-shaped nutcracker;

3.. **Promenade**

4. **The Old Castle** - a troubadour plaintively singing outside an ancient castle;

5. **Promenade**

6. **The Tuileries** - children vigorously playing and quarrelling in a park;

7. **Bydlo** - a lumbering wooden Polish ox-cart;

8. **Promenade**

9. **Ballet of the Unhatched Chicks** - a ballet of peeping chicks as they hatch from their shells;

10. **Samuel Goldberg and Schmuyle** - an argument between two Warsaw Jews, one haughty and vain, the other poor and garrulous;

11. **Limoges, the Market** - shrill women and vendors in a crowded marketplace;

12. **Catacombae** (*sepulchrum romanum*) &

13. **Con Mortuis in Lingua Mortua** - the eerie, echoing gloom of catacombs beneath Paris;

14. **The Hut on Fowl's Legs** - the hut of a grotesque bone-chomping witch of Russian folk-lore;

15. **The Gate of Kiev** - a design for an entrance gate to Kiev.

Mussorgsky clearly chose these subjects for the variety of moods they invoked and the opportunities they presented for a wide array of musical depictions.

Alcoholism and severe depression not only cut short Mussorgsky's life but plagued his most creative years and prevented him from advocating his work, which succumbed to the dismissive attitude of the cultural gatekeepers. Fame came only after his early death at age 42, when well-meaning admirers indulgently undertook to edit his operas in order to correct what they perceived to be artistic flaws, lapses of inspiration and overall carelessness. Only in more recent times have the originals been revived to display their frank elemental power.

The Pictures at an Exhibition met a similar fate. The score remained unpublished until 1886, five years after Moussorgsky's death. But then, almost

immediately, an amazing phenomenon began – while the original version generated little interest among pianists, over two dozen composers were seized by a compulsion to orchestrate it.

By far the most famous was by Maurice Ravel. Commissioned by Serge Koussevitzky in 1922, his was a propitious choice – Ravel's version strongly underlines the mood of each piece, from the woodwind chirping of the chicks through the reverberant, dark brass of the catacombs, the percussive terror of the witch and especially the blazing brass and pealing carillons of the finale. Koussevitzky was not only a great conductor but a wise businessman – his deal with Ravel included in five years of exclusive performance rights.



. r — e — z .

Publisher

Jami Mills

Senior Editor

Friday Blaisdale

Art Director

Jami Mills

Writers

Jami Mills

Art Blue

Cat Boccaccio

Shyla the Super Gecko

RoseDrop Rust

Nostradamus

DJ Substance

Lynn Mimistrobell

Poetry Editors

Mariner Trilling

Jullianna Juliesse

Copy Editors

Friday Blaisdale

Jami Mills

Graphics Editors

Jami Mills

Photographer

Jami Mills

Read *rez* Magazine online at rezmagazine.com